

American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
April 1928 **NEWS** *"I Serve"*





A "Thank You" Gift from Lithuania

EVERY year about this time there are received at National Headquarters several boxes of gifts which have been made by Juniors abroad in appreciation of the Christmas boxes they received from American Juniors. Among these "thank you" gifts this year was this lovely piece of needlework from Lithuania. We are sorry not to print it in color here, but perhaps some of you will see the original. It is being used as exhibit material to show what beautiful work the Lithuanian children do and what pains they take to show their appreciation.

The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The April News in the School

Occupied With Health

EMPHASIS on health activities in this springtime number of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS is in recognition of a country-wide focusing of attention at May Day on child health. You will find a seasonal story of the Red Cross "Easter Truce in Czechoslovakia" when constructive planning for health and welfare takes the place of old dissensions and transient bickering. You will find a story of "Comrades in Hungary" who are making adventurous effort to bring health to their schoolmates; and you and your pupils will be proud of your sharing in that experience. You will read of how Juniors in Sydney, Montana, sang "health crusade songs" as part of their program for their "Tenth Anniversary Party." In "Junior Doings Here and There" you will read of health-gifts of the New Brunswick Easter Bunny, of the public service for health by the Junior Red Cross in Onondaga County and Syracuse, New York; in Fitchburg, Massachusetts; in Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania; in Cambria County, Pennsylvania; in Westchester County, New York; in Greece; in Bulgaria; in Albania; in Caldwell, Idaho; in Robeson, Pennsylvania; in Sweden; in the Philippines; in Norway.

Material for Other Classes

Art and Drawing:

The young members will enjoy tracing the cover on transparent paper and coloring their work.

English:

All the stories, of course! Have you ever tried studying the fragments of letters that are reprinted in the "Overseas Mail" to compare them as to their good "letter" qualities or their good "composition" qualities?

"Songs of April"—Spring would not be spring unless poems budded. If you are interested in helping youth create you may be glad to learn of a "Young People's Verse Competition" carried on continuously by the *Poetry Review* of Great Britain, so long as it proves profitable. Subscription to the *Poetry Review* is \$3 a year.

The *Poetry Review* offers two famous busts of Tennyson for awards to the schools submitting (a) the best collection of poems by pupils, and (b) the best selection of poems by local poets, known and unknown, or descriptive of the town or county in which the school is located. In addition, book prizes will be given in three classes for the best individual poems received from young people under thirteen and from thirteen to seventeen. Not more than two poems may be submitted by any one competitor, and each MS. must bear the name and address of the writer, and an endorsement of authenticity by a parent or teacher, who must be a subscriber to the *Poetry Review*. School teachers, however, may send in batches of poems by their pupils, and in the event of any large number being received from any particular school or teacher a special additional prize or prizes may be awarded. All MSS. should be addressed to the Young People's Editor, the *Poetry Review*, 16 Featherstone Buildings, London, W. C. 1.

Geography and History:

Alaska: "Adventuring With Arctic Flowers" is full of travel interest; *Albania*: "Bor and Marash Cross the Drin" is another of Mrs. Miller's delightful stories about our young mountaineer friends. "The Overseas Mailbag" gives additional material. *Greece*: "On the Road to Arcadia" skillfully connects the past with the present. *The Philippines*: "The Story of the Calendar Picture" makes a peaceful scene very exciting indeed. *Hungary and Australia* are other countries having a section in the "Overseas Mailbag."

Nature Study:

"Adventuring With Arctic Flowers" is a fascinating story.

A Point for Portfolio Makers

IN CONNECTION with the story of Alaskan poppies, you will be interested to know of a recent request from Czechoslovakian schools. Teachers there will greatly appreciate it if, in preparing portfolios of American flowers for their schools, our pupils will give not only the familiar, local name of each, but the Latin or botanic name as well. Identification is often difficult from a pressed flower and if identification is impossible, much of the educational value is lost. The familiar name differs with countries; in France our buttercup is a "gold button." This very difference makes it a matter of interest to schools of other countries, while the Latin name enables foreign schoolmates to discover whether they have the same flower. In cases where it is difficult for pupils in small rural schools to find out the scientific name, other Juniors, botany teachers, or librarians in nearby towns will usually be very glad to help out with information.

"The Red Cross Tomorrow"

THE following editorial appeared in the February *Journal of Education*, Boston, at the time that Mr. Wilson became National Director of the American Junior Red Cross. It is quoted here without the permission either of the *Journal of Education* or of Mr. Wilson, but with the certainty that teachers will value it:

"Dr. Harry B. Wilson resigns the superintendency of Berkeley, California, to be National Director of Junior Red Cross. This is probably the most significant educational announcement of the season. A university presidency would be no more tempting opportunity for civic or educational service than leadership of the Junior Red Cross movement. We can think of no responsibility that would be quite equal to this which Dr. Wilson assumes.

"The Junior Red Cross brings to the children a spirit of devotion to universal service when and where there is no other organization equipped for action. Dr. Harry B. Wilson has rare administrative skill, with a personality that makes a thrilling appeal to an audience. We have known no one to bring to any great mission a nobler personal and professional equipment to broadcast a message than has Harry B. Wilson as he becomes National Director of Junior Red Cross."

Developing Calendar Activities for April

Taking Turns at Entertaining

THE Junior Red Cross Council of Laporte County, Indiana, held its first meeting at Laporte, in February, with 168 delegates out of 198 present. Careful advance planning had been done by the county nurse, who is special Junior worker. City Superintendent Wetherow presided and County Superintendent Rhoads made an interesting talk. The itinerant Junior Red Cross worker for Indiana suggested plans for future work of the Council. The school music director led in community singing. The women of the Chapter School Committee cooked and served lunch, always a large factor in the success of any meeting of youngsters or adults. Boy Scouts acted as ushers and guides. The Y. M. C. A. entertained with demonstrations in swimming and life saving. Thus the cooperation was many sided!

Pupil officers of the Junior Red Cross Council acquitted themselves capably and solid business was accomplished. Activities decided on for future weeks included the planting of an evergreen tree in every school yard and a Swimming program.

One of the most constructive decisions was that the second meeting, set for April, should be held in one of the County schools. This is a forward step in joining rural and town schools in teamwork that is active for all.

Writing About Music

THE dates for National Music Week are May 6-12, this year, and the emphasis is to be on native composition. The preparation of school correspondence portfolios on American music and musicians will be of especial interest. Remind pupils to be careful, in copying or writing about American music, to give the name of composer and poet and, when possible, entertaining notes on their lives. If you call the attention of your music supervisor, of private music teachers, or local choir directors, to the leading list of topics on the April CALENDAR page you will almost certainly find generous help about sources of information.

If there is a local "Music Week Committee," seek its help. If there is none, it will be very worth your while to write directly to the National Music Week Committee, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, for such leaflets as "Stories of America's Songs," "American Music That Americans Should Know," "Hymns Composed by Americans," and "Quiz Yourself on American Music."

A music portfolio from your own school will give a chance to ask for information in return about foreign music interests. A booklet of unusual value in studying the music of other nations was recently issued by the Edison Company of New York, under the title "The Music Map of the World." The map itself is colorful and the information about music of many lands is full of interest.

The activities that will be carried on in many communities in observance of the week will also make entertaining stories for portfolios. This will be an appropriate time for taking musical entertainment to hospitals, children's homes, and institutions for the aged. Kindergarten rhythm and harmonica bands will be appreciated as well as the orchestras of more advanced grades. Among the Music Week pamphlets that may be helpful for such activities are "Massed Band Concerts," "Harmonica Bands for Boys and Girls," "Fretted Instrument Clubs," and "The Toy Symphony."

Some Pleasant Thank You's

SEVERAL months ago, THE TEACHER'S GUIDE carried advice on writing letters of acknowledgment for foreign correspondence. Recently a considerable number of letters that are truly models of courtesy have passed through National Headquarters. Members of the ninth grade, Roosevelt High School of the Michigan State Normal College of Ypsilanti, wrote cordially to their friends in France:

"DEAR FRIENDS:

"The arrival of your portfolio caused a great deal of admiration for the boys of your school. Some of the things which attracted our attention most were the drawings by the younger members of your school, the handwriting, and the organization called School Brotherhood. We enjoyed the drawings very much because they were so well done, considering the immaturity of the artists. They show a great deal of resemblance to the postcard pictures of the same scenes. The handwriting was striking because of its precision and regularity.

"In response to your interest in us, we are attempting to send you a portfolio worthy of yours. We hope to send it so that you will receive it before school closes.

"Very sincerely,

"THE ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL."

Another which has just come from Australia, on its way to a district school in Jackson, Minnesota, is also an excellent example of appreciative acknowledgment:

"DEAR FRIENDS:

"We all join in thanking you for your very interesting portfolio. We enjoyed reading it and liked the very beautiful pictures of the 'Madonna and Child.' The Christmas poetry was greatly appreciated, and we hope to be able to learn one or two of the passages during the next half-term. We would have liked very much to send you a copy of some poems we have learned, but we were so anxious to tell you about this great island continent of ours that we had filled our little booklet long before we had exhausted all we had to tell you.

"We hope you will continue to write to us and tell us a little more about your great country, and we will occupy our time in preparing another portfolio to send in the near future.

"Best wishes from

"YOUR JUNIOR FRIENDS."

Notes on New Books

THE Third Book of the Open Door Language Series, by Scott, Congdon, Peet, and Frazee, Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, contains an admirable section on the preparation of Junior Red Cross international correspondence. It includes examples from actual portfolios and is developed in the true "activity" spirit. Indeed, the whole book is replete with ideas for purposeful doing. The preparation of a school paper "carries on" through all the Chapters, serving as a focus for much of the learning. It would be negative praise perhaps to say that the text was "grammar made easy," but it is true praise to say that mastering skill in speaking and writing is made an affair of real life, and therefore an absorbing interest.

Another new Houghton Mifflin book, not for pupils as the Open Door Language Book is, but for teachers and administrators, is Rose B. Knox's *School Activities and Equipment*. The interesting chapter titles show the inclusiveness of the material: Curricular Activities, Scientific and Social Activities, Constructive Activities, English Activities, Artistic and Recreational Activities, Supplementary Activities, Miscellaneous Equipment, Basic Equipment. Every chapter explains necessary materials.

The Junior Red Cross in Smaller Schools

Electrifying Humdrum Monotony

THE Beckley district of Raleigh County, West Virginia, has been cited for distinguished work so many times the past two years that the District Superintendent, Mr. J. G. Umstaddt, was asked to explain the methods used in interesting rural teachers and children in Junior Red Cross activities. Excerpts from his generous letter follow:

"The presentation to teachers is made at monthly meetings of principals of the forty-two rural schools. The Junior Red Cross program is made clear through discussions, posters and literature from National Headquarters, the work of pupils, talks by principals and by Mrs. George Bright, the Chairman of the Beckley Junior Red Cross, and on one occasion by a talk from a child telling what the work meant to her. Follow-up is accomplished through bulletins and visits of the supervisor.

"The Junior Red Cross Calendar is used in conjunction with the community citizenship text-book for classwork in citizenship. Seventy-five per cent of the schools use some of the suggestions it carries. One school designed costumes for an immigration pageant from the Calendar pictures. All use the suggestions on the Calendar pages for ideas in earning their right to wear the 'I Serve' button, at the time of enrollment.

"The schools are particularly active in service at Christmas time. This past year 21 foreign Christmas boxes were filled by rural schools. In 1926, seventy-eight Christmas stockings were sent to the Veterans' Hospital at Tuskegee, Alabama. A copy of the letter of thanks for these was sent to each of the twenty schools that filled the stockings.

"In starting school correspondence, we usually begin by asking the children their names and tracing their ancestry with them. They are surprised to learn that the grandfathers or great-grandfathers of the group in their room came from several different countries. A personal interest is aroused. The pupils realize that these so-called foreign children are in many cases actually their cousins. By this time in even the most isolated school interest is usually keen. Every subject takes on a new meaning when they plan their portfolio. One child has a kodak or the teacher agrees to borrow one to take a picture of the building and children. A portfolio chairman is selected and he asks for volunteers to bring paste, to buy construction paper, to make sketches, to prepare leaves and flowers, to collect pictures. The secretary keeps a record of what each is to do. Certain dates are agreed upon as 'Portfolio Days' upon which each school is to send a portfolio to the central office.

"The answer to the portfolio is awaited with an interest that gives life to the geography study of the country concerned. On one occasion I delivered the portfolio myself to a two-room rural school and their reception of it was proof enough that Junior Red Cross work is one of the greatest influences for good in our rural schools. Those children played with the children of the Japanese School, ten thousand miles away. Through that experience these little youngsters learned more human geography than the drill method could ever have given them.

"As in other schools, the values of Junior Red Cross work are those of developing habits of service, learning the joy of service, forming world-wide friendships and attitudes of tolerance and good will. The Junior Red Cross helps solve the problems of motivating school work and of freeing folks from those prejudices that are fostered by isolation. The vision, once caught by the teacher, electrifies the humdrum monotony of the most overheated, poorly ventilated, sleepy rural school into a workshop for happy, eager citizens. These young citizens carry the message home. On one occasion a portfolio was delivered after supper at the home where the teacher boarded. It was opened and for an hour the work of the Junior Red Cross was discussed by the group. The father and mother became interested early in the conversation and frankly stated that they regretted not having had such opportunities when they were in school."

A Star City Indeed

FROM another part of the same state, Star City, we received, through Mrs. Rider, County Junior Red Cross Chairman, the minutes of the meetings of Junior

Red Cross clubs of the first six grades. They are all so good that choice for publication was difficult; but the record of Grade 3B was finally selected. You will discover, between the lines, the way in which admirable teaching has led on. Every meeting is reported in careful parliamentary form, but much has to be omitted, and only the new things picked out of each account.

"This Junior Red Cross Club was organized on the first Friday in September. We decided to have our monthly meetings on the first Friday in every month. We elected officers. We made our own Constitution.

"Constitution: 'We, the 3B Grade of the Star City School do pledge ourselves to obey these rules:

- "1. Help those who need help.
- "2. Save our pennies for the poor.
- "3. Visit the sick.
- "4. Visit our little foreign friends.
- "5. Send presents and letters to little crippled children.
- "6. Be clean.
- "7. Make every one happy.
- "8. Honor our Red Cross Club.'

"September 11. Virginia asked the President to make up a little prayer for our club. We made up this prayer: 'Dear Father in Heaven, make our Junior Red Cross Club great and good. Keep us all well and make us happy.'

"We planned to have a Junior Red Cross parade. We could bring our toys and pets. Every room could have a banner. We would like to have our banner 'Help Others.'

"The officers decided to meet one week before the first Friday to make out their program.

"October 7. The President gave a little talk. She asked the members to watch the little children on the playground. Write letters to our little sick friends, help mother in the morning and evening by giving her a big smile and saying, 'I love you.'

"Mary showed the pictures in the JUNIOR NEWS. We decided to send a portfolio to Hungary and ask them to write to us. Miss Murphy explained the Calendar.

"November 4. We had invited guests. The President gave a little talk about good American citizens. She asked the members to teach mother and father to read and write. Dorothy Victor gave a special report about 'What Our Club Is Doing to Help Others.' We planned to have a courtesy and health chart in our room.

"December 2. Rose told the story, 'The Three Christmas Wishes'; Edith told the story, 'The Flight from Egypt'; Claude told the story, 'Danilo's Wealth.'

"January 6. The President gave a little talk. She talked about the New Year and the good things we might do. She reminded the members of the Tenth Birthday of the American Junior Red Cross. Eva gave a talk about taking care of the birds and our animals at home in the winter time. Miss Murphy held a discussion about the three points of the Calendar. Joseph showed the pictures of the JUNIOR NEWS.

"February 3. The President gave a little talk about February celebrations and what we could do to help everyone enjoy them. She asked the children to walk quietly past a sick man's house.

"Velma talked about the picture on the February Calendar. She held a discussion of the three big points on the Calendar. This was the first time a member held this discussion. Velma took the place of the teacher.

"Cecilia told about Junior doings in other lands. Dorothy Victor talked about what some Indian Juniors are doing. The President closed the meeting. She then announced that the election of officers would take place for the new semester.

"After the election, the old President welcomed the new President. The new President said a few words and asked Mrs. Rider (who was our guest) to tell us about other Junior Red Cross clubs."

West Virginia is not the only state where encouraging things are being accomplished. If these reports have helped you, will you not pass on your experience to us, that it may be used for the encouragement of others?

Fitness for Service for April

Tell Us a Story About These Things

IF THE Juniors you know carry out any of the projects in this month's Fitness for Service section, will you please tell us the story of what is done? The Spring Style Show ought to be a lot of fun. Share it with us!

If a Swimming Program is begun or renewed, let us hear of it. Do you know of any schools that may be entitled to an Upjohn Banner, if only some one will take the trouble for an official checking up of percentage? ARC 1017 is a popular pamphlet, but only a few schools have carried their swimming program through to the point of earning an Upjohn Banner as a school award. Do the physical education instructors in your schools or the swimming teachers in the local swimming pools consider the required percentages too stiff? If so, we should like to have their comments before ARC is again revised.

Do you know schools that are going to help with Health Week? This is a project in community health, since the health of any one group of citizens affects the health of all. The bulletin, "Fourteenth Annual Negro Health Week," may be obtained from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. The price is five cents. Your accomplishment in this special project may be an inspiration to other communities. Let us pass it on.

The latter part of the month many schools will be working on plans for Child Health Day entertainments. Last year we learned in a fragmentary way of many instances where Junior Red Cross participated. We wish it were possible to hear of every such instance. Does your Junior Red Cross help as a group? Do Juniors or does the Red Cross Chapter cooperate in a financial way? Are there special entertainments in recognition of Child Health Day? Are there other activities—poster making, bringing health opportunities to less advantaged children? What are the significant achievements? Tell us the story.

Material for Child Health Day

IF YOU are planning to use May Day as a focus for the year round Fitness for Service activity of your local Junior Red Cross, you can obtain useful material through the American Child Health Association, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York. The principal publications this year include two booklets and two posters. The booklets are: "The Goal of May Day, a year-round community program" and "A Festival Book for May Day Child Health Day." The price of each is ten cents. "The Child's Bill of Rights" is Secretary Hoover's summary of objectives, in poster form. The price is ten cents. The "May Day 1928 Poster," reproduced on the back cover of this issue of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS, is 19" x 14" and costs 20 cents.

This issue of the NEWS is full of excellent material for use in Child Health program

Recent Texts on Health

THE *Safety Hill of Health and Building My House of Health*, World Book Company, Yonkers, New York, are supplementary readers for grades one and two, respectively. Gay covers and touches of color through the plentifully illustrated pages give health education a luring aspect. The material consists of story, drama, and games, all, naturally, with a perspicuous moral. Little

boys make momentous decisions never as long as they live to put pencils in their mouths and little girls espouse carrots. Whatever our artistic regrets about the exploitation of good old Mother Goose, the ends to be attained are desirable and these readers look as though they would make such ends attainable.

Our Health Habits, by Whitcomb and Beveridge, Rand McNally, New York, is an activity text for grades one to eight. As in the JUNIOR RED CROSS CALENDAR, a special habit is selected for emphasis every month of the school year with progressive broadening for higher grades. Devices old and new are given in abundance, illustrations are plentiful, and bibliographies suggest paths of connection with general reading and other interests. Sources of material are also listed.

A Health Day in Porto Rico

LAST May, the Red Cross of San Juan, Porto Rico, took charge of health day activities. The general expenses were met by the Junior Red Cross of San Juan. The following is a summary of activities:

1. "On May 25 Dr. Fernos, Assistant Commissioner of Health, gave a radio talk on infant care.
2. "The Juniors donated two floats for the Parade for Health and Loyalty Day.
3. "Six tents were put up in different places of San Juan and Senturce, with the cooperation of the National Guard. Twenty-six physicians, private and city doctors, and some from the Health Department assisted by nurses from both Departments and the volunteer workers of the Institution examined 652 children.
4. "Parents' meetings were held in 12 school buildings, in the evening. For each one a physician was invited to address the parents on the necessity of having their children examined and properly treated before entering school for the first time, and another physical examination every year.
5. "Three store windows were properly decorated for the occasion.
6. "A competent physician addressed the High School boys on Social Hygiene.
7. "At our request 'Health Day' has been a special activity of many of the Junior Red Cross Committees in the Island, and some of them have already sent in their reports of the celebration.
8. "Eight nurses from the Presbyterian Hospital made demonstrations on Child Care, First Aid, and Care of the Sick."

A Health Fable for Clean-Up Week

"TWO mongrels met at dawn after a scavenging tour round the town. 'Ha!' laughed the first, 'I have had the happiest night of my life.' 'How so?' asked the second, 'has the Lord Mayor been giving a banquet?' 'Lord Mayor,' scoffed the first, 'how am I to know when the Lord Mayor gives a banquet? The kitchen maid at the Mansion House takes good care to cover the dustbins, for she has read the notice about flies sent out by the Medical Officer of Health.' 'Perhaps you found a bone at the Workhouse?' queried the second dog sarcastically. 'No,' answered the first, 'I was passing the house of the Medical Officer when I noticed that his dustbin was uncovered and—would you believe it?—I found a lovely knuckle-bone in it, so sweet and juicy.' 'But why was his dustbin uncovered?' 'Because he never thought of telling his wife what he was paid to tell other people!' and the first dog ambled off, licking his chops and wagging his tail.

"Moral: Health Education begins at home."

—Supplied to the National Red Cross Societies by the League of Red Cross Societies.



A grizzly had passed that way, digging for roots. A patch of ground had been spaded up by his powerful claws

Adventuring with Arctic Flowers

Olaus J. Murie

Illustrations by the Author

WHEN the warmth of the sun returns to the Arctic, and winter storms are spent, a period of unrest follows. The dog teams are put away for a season, their winter trails melting and running off to join the sunny rills of snow water which swell the streams. The ice is loosened and goes thundering down the rivers. The birds are coming back to seek their ancestral nesting grounds and we begin to look for flowers.

I remember one such day in the mountains of interior Alaska. Old snowdrifts still lay deep in some of the sheltered gullies, where the winter winds had piled them, and there was an early spring chill in the air. But the longspurs were back, the "bobolinks" of the North, trilling and singing.

I sat on a boulder looking down the brown slope, wondering how soon the green would come into the landscape and when the first flower would dare raise its head. While I sat there three caribou sauntered across the slope, stopping at a willow bush to nibble at the swelling buds and catkins. Then they also rooted about in the brown vegetation on the ground. What could they find there? Caribou are restless creatures, so these three soon wandered out of sight

behind a ridge. I hastened to examine the clumps of sedges where they had fed. No wonder they had been interested! In each clump were little gray woolly tufts, the blossoms of these sedges. As I parted the dried brown vegetation, I could see green stems, in the heart of each tussock. Clever botanists, the caribou!

But there were other botanists in these mountains. A grizzly had passed that way, leaving footprints in the snowdrifts. I tracked him some distance with difficulty, for snow was scarce, but there was a chance that I might learn what he was doing and even get the bear for the Museum.

The tracks finally led out over a long dry ridge, where I lost them, but they had left a little story. Here the bear had dug out a ground squirrel, just a mouthful for a grizzly, and ground squirrels were scarce in this place. What would he do for other food? Presently the answer lay before me. A patch of ground had been spaded up by his powerful claws. No ground squirrels this time, though. He had been digging for roots, and many fragments lay about where he had feasted. In this season before the green vegetation appears, the grizzly is botanist



The Arctic poppy is a true flower of the north

crushed three white flowers growing among the rocks, anemones. *Anemone parviflora*, the botanics call them, and we find that they are much like the familiar anemones farther south. Here in this rough ravine beside a wild little snow-fed stream they were short-stemmed and clung close to the barren rocks—timid little blooms, I thought. But after all, it takes courage for a frail plant to put forth a tender bloom in these high latitudes and it is only common sense for it to shrink close to the ground in the mountains, where storms have sway. If you climb above timber line you will find that many plants are much shorter than their relatives in the lowland. On high, wind-swept ridges they often dare raise the flower only an inch or two, just enough to let it bloom. This is the wisdom of the plant world.

Later in the summer I went again to the high mountains. There was no snow except in small lingering drifts up near the glaciers. It was the time of the midnight sun, when all the plants were making the most of the constant daylight and covered the earth with luxuriant green, splashed with the hues of many flowers. Forget-me-nots dotted the banks of the river and spring beauties filled the wet meadow where the caribou came to feed. If one looked closely,

enough to seek it where it is lurking underground. He is another who makes his living by a knowledge of plants.

I worked my way down through a dark ravine. Where the little stream swung in close to a cliff I put out my hand to steady myself and almost

there were many tiny flowers concealed in the vegetation, strangers whose names are hidden away in the botany books.

One day while climbing a steep rock slide I made an acquaintance which I like to remember. A rock slide is a barren place, where few plants can keep a toe-hold very long. But around the edges moss and lichens had laid their carpets and even among the tumbled rocks, dwarf creeping willows managed to survive. Near the top of the ridge, a rocky outcrop stood out from the slope. Here I found an adventurous soul, a poppy. Thoughts of California, with landscapes yellow with poppies, came to me. But what a difference! Instead of lowland fields, bathed in the sunlight of the south, here was a stern mountain range just below the Arctic Circle. A little cushion of leaves, clustered about a crevice, held out on slender stems three pale yellow blooms.

Was not this a stranger lost in a far country? No, the botanics tell us that this is not the same as the poppy of the south, but that it is a true flower of the north, the Arctic poppy, and that it has indeed a strange story. The Arctic poppy is circumpolar. That means that it is found in the Arctic regions all round the world. As I sat on a rock near the ridge-top, I followed in my imagination this hardy race of poppy in its travels over the earth. Explorers find it on the islands of the polar sea. Greenland is almost covered by an immense glacier, but on the strip of land bordering the sea the poppy lives with other Arctic neighbors. Go to Iceland, and this flower will be nodding you a welcome; also in far-off Spitzbergen. Could we go to northern Siberia, would we find the poppy? Yes, the white fox of the tundra no doubt has seen it, but what does he care about a flower? Mice, lemmings, perhaps a ptarmigan, these are more to his taste! But the poppy is there and, moreover, has found its way into Himalaya. What adventures we could have if we took up the trail of the Arctic poppy! Most of our travels would take us through the northern rim of the

continents, but we should also skirt the coast of Bering Sea and follow the backbone of North America down into the Rockies of the western states, for this adventurer has deigned to come within the borders of the United States, though only in the rugged mountains.

How can a plant spread over so much of the northern hemisphere? It must be by infinite patience and perseverance, reaching through the centuries, slowly growing seeds year after year. After all, what is the hurry?



On the ridge just above a fat ground squirrel lived

There is plenty of time. What are a few million years in Eternity?

You will not find this poppy abundant, for it is rather solitary. Take a journey up the Yukon and stop off at some rocky bluff or sandy slope. If you are lucky you may find one, or there may be a small group of the pale yellow blossoms. If you pick one, handle it carefully, for it is a fragile flower and the petals drop off easily. One wonders how such a one withstands the storm and driving rain.

I returned frequently to the flower under the ridge-top, and watched its growth. A lonely plant it seemed to be, nodding by itself on a windswept mountain side. There were other visitors. I saw a spider scurry off across a flat rock, and a pipit flitted by. Then, too, on the ridge just above, a fat ground squirrel lived. His main business was to eat and become fat, for when the time came, he must be ready for the long winter sleep. An old brown grizzly with her two cubs had been hunting among these slopes during the summer, but so far the fat squirrel had escaped that hungry trio.

On a mossy hummock near the ridge top I sat one evening just to see what the yellow flower's world was like. One bloom had already dropped its floppy petals and left a seed pod to ripen. The air was still, the sun slanting low toward the northern horizon. Presently in the valley below me two dark figures came out on a green flat. My field glasses showed them to be caribou, a cow and calf. They wandered leisurely, feeding contentedly. Soon the cow lay down to rest. Caribou trails led across the slope just below the poppy on its rock, familiar highways for these mountain folk.

But there were other mountaineers astir, greatest of them all—the white mountain sheep. I could see them with the glasses, small bands on the mountain

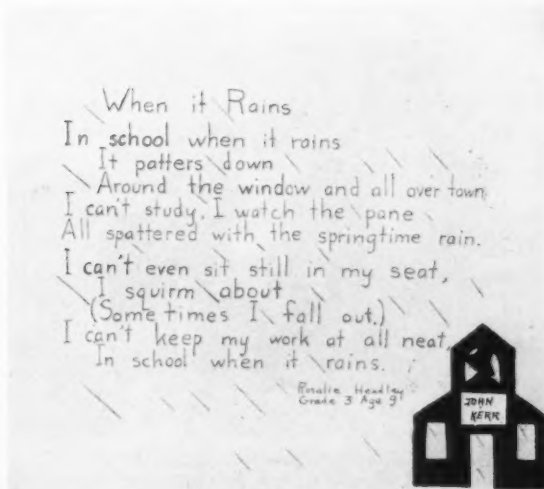
side, feeding. One old ram, with splendid spiral horns, walked out to a rocky rim to gaze into the valley below. Beyond him rose a jagged peak, silhouetted against the sky, where I knew a golden eagle nested. This was the season of plenty for the wild sheep, the season of comfort and leisure.

I sat and watched the hills with my glasses, but the light was fading. This was the midnight twilight of the north as the sun sank somewhere behind the Arctic Circle. The fat ground squirrel who had his den in the rocks near by had evidently gone to bed, for I did not see him. The hills about me became shadows. The caribou were no longer visible. But other creatures were astir. On the slope below me I heard the cackle of the rock ptarmigan, some of those mountaineering birds who choose the land above timber line for home. A family of them was trooping across the rock slide just below the yellow flower. This, then, was the world of the Arctic poppy.

Once again I returned to this mountain valley, but this time to a land of glittering white, for the snow had come; time for every hardy plant to have produced its seeds and bowed its head to winter. A troop of white sheep fled up a mountain side, pale shadows in a snowy world. Their green pastures were gone now and they must paw and scrape the snow for many a weary month to find the precious herbage underneath. Winter storms would come, biting cold and driving snow, whistling over the ridges and piling deep in the hollows. But through it all I knew there would be, hidden under the snow in a rocky crevice, some dormant roots, the heart of a hardy plant, biding its time through these stormy days until the spring should come again and it could once more send out into the northern sunlight the nodding bloom of an Arctic poppy!

Songs of April

From a portfolio of spring poems written and illustrated by children of the John Kerr School, Winchester, Virginia



From the Overseas Mail

THIS month the foreign correspondence letters we have chosen are on quite a variety of subjects. First comes a letter about an Albanian holiday that reminds us somewhat of our Easter time, for it is a celebration following a season a little like our Lent.

Some of the Albanians are Christians and some are Mohammedans and there is great religious tolerance in that country. The ninth month of the Mohammedan year is Ramadan which is a month of fasting in memory of the time when Mohammed fasted and prayed and thought out the first principles of his religion. Every day for thirty days, between sunrise and sunset during Ramadan, or Ramazan, as it is called in Albania, a strict fast is observed by all devout Moslems. At the end of the month of fasting comes the great holiday of Bairam. Abraham Shimili, of the Sixth Grade in the school at Elbasan, Albania, tells about it in a letter to an American school. He says:

The Bairam Holiday in Albania

THE holiday most celebrated by Mohammedans is Bairam. During this holiday the market place is closed for three days. The first day of Bairam we usually buy a ram and sacrifice it. On this day three cannon are fired and a man goes around the city beating a drum. He is surrounded by the children, who are always dressed in their best clothes. Next day, early in the morning, we go to pray. The prayer is made out-of-doors when the weather permits. We take with us a blanket or rug to spread on the ground for we do our praying kneeling down. When the praying is over we go to our homes and wait for visitors. We give them Turkish paste, cigarettes and coffee and the children who come are

given candies. When there are children in a house, the visitor gives them one or two pennies for candy.

"Our customs during Bairam nowadays are a little different from the customs of our grandfathers. Our grandfathers sacrificed each a lamb, while now we sacrifice a lamb in the name of the whole family."

From Nebraska to Australia and Back

A GOOD many of our states observe Arbor Day in April. Nebraska is one of them. And last April Arbor Day in Fremont, Nebraska, had a particular interest on account of the planting of some seeds that had come thousands of miles to lie in our soil. They were wattle seeds from Australia. The wattle blossom is the national flower of Australia, and that was one reason why the school at Murphy's Creek in the state of Victoria sent wattle seeds in a portfolio to their correspondents in the Central School at Fremont. The Nebraska pupils wrote back:

"DEAR FRIENDS:

"Doesn't it seem nice to be able to say 'friends' even though we are separated by thousands of miles of water? But we feel that we know you because, don't you remember, we spent a day with you in school. How we did enjoy that visit! We saw you come and pictured your school as the day passed. One thing which impressed us was your flag exercises each morning. They must instil a profound love and respect for your flag.

"On April 22nd, our state observes Arbor Day by planting trees. This year the Junior Red Cross Secretary came and we planted the wattle seeds which you sent us. Some of the seeds were sent to the greenhouse and planted in their hothouse. But we are sorry to say, there are still no signs of sprouting. However, we are hoping. It was a lovely thought, expressing your friendship in this manner.

"School is out today, and we have three months' vacation. Some of us will work, some will go to the country and others will take trips by auto or train. For those who stay at home, there will be camping, picnics and fishing.

"Fremont is two miles from the Platte River, a broad, shallow, sand-bottomed river. Up and down the valleys are many sand pit lakes, where the sand has been dug out for use in building. These lakes have been stocked with fish—catfish, bullheads, bass, perch, crappies and lake trout. On Sundays, the banks are lined with fishermen.

"Near us in the Platte River there is an island four miles long, and one to two miles wide. It is thickly wooded and many townspeople have cabins there. It is a haven for birds. Among them are cardinals, thrushes, brown thrashers, bluebirds, wild canaries, red-winged blackbirds, meadow larks, bluejays,



In the second portfolio from Victoria was this picture of the Murphy's Creek boys taken in front of the wattle tree from which they sent the seeds

scarlet tanagers, house wrens, rose-breasted grosbeaks, catbirds, swallows, doves, bobolinks, bobwhites, and the state has turned a hundred Chinese pheasants loose in the hope of providing game for the future. Geese and ducks pass over Fremont in the spring and fall going to their summer and winter homes.

"Your portfolio created a great deal of interest in Australia, and we hope to receive another. There are many things which we would like to know. This year we had portfolios from Spain, Latvia and Japan, as well as yours, but we liked yours best of all because we speak a common language."

Now a return portfolio has come from the Murphy's Creek School for the Fremont school. You will notice from the following letter how pleasant it is to keep up a correspondence once started, not just send one portfolio apiece and then let the thing drop. Though the portfolio left Victoria in December it did not reach Washington until the last of January, as mail takes a month to get here from Australia. The Murphy's Creek pupils say:

"DEAR FRIENDS:

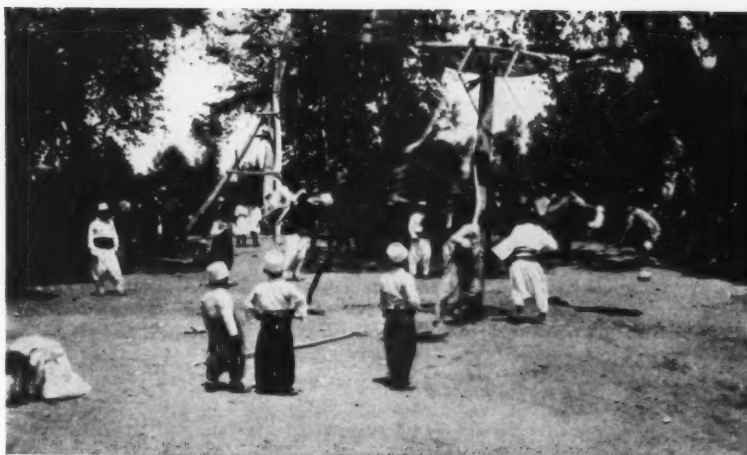
"We thought we would have this ready as a Christmas present for you, but, owing to examinations and delays waiting for snaps, we were unable to do so. It will now be a New Year gift and we all hope that you will have a most joyful and happy 1928.

"Many thanks for your last portfolio with its friendly greetings. We are glad we have such a number of nice friends. We did enjoy the snaps. We do hope that at least one of the wattle seeds came up. You would just love the flowers and the trees would ever remind you of our friendship.

"You remember that in our letter, 'A Day at School,' we told you of our saluting the flag and saying the declaration after our teacher. We do not do this every morning as you thought—only every Monday morning.

"On the 23rd of this month, we break up for five weeks' vacation. How we love Christmas time! There is to be a Christmas tree on our last day at school; then freedom for a lovely, long time. Before that, though, there are the final examinations to see if we are fit for our new grades next year. We all hope that we will pass. Our teacher has promised two prizes—one for highest marks among the girls and one for the boys. This is our busiest season. Haycutting is finished and harvesting the wheat and oats has commenced. The crops this year are not very good, owing to much dry weather.

"Our nearest river is the Loddon, which is a tributary of the Murray. The fishing season has



At Bairam time the Albanian boys have new caps or fezes and the girls new pantaloons and wooden shoes. They spend their pennies on the swings and in buying henna for their hair

now commenced and many people go camping for the week-ends.

"In this portfolio which we are sending we have tried to give you an idea of some of our school work. We hope you will enjoy the lessons."

Stripping Quills in Hungary

WE like the cover this month particularly. It was made for us by Madame Undi, an artist of Budapest, and shows Hungarian girls minding their geese. A letter from a school in Györ, Hungary, says:

"In a Hungarian village those houses are rare where they don't keep ducks and geese. Those with daughters have more for they will need the feathers for their beds when they get married. All the feathers that are plucked from the geese and ducks in the summer are stripped of the quills in the winter. For a feather stripping all the young people are invited and they strip the feathers every evening, while some one tells stories, for they can not sing as all the feathers would blow away then. When the feather stripping is done the hostess of the house makes a little party for those that helped her, and they have music, dancing and lots of fun."

And this letter which is from Zwakow, Poland, might almost have been written to go with the Hungarian cover picture, it fits it so well:

"DEAR COMRADES:

"I wish to tell you how we spend our time in the meadow. In summer, after having returned from school, we usually drive our geese, goats and cows in the meadow. Each of us takes her doll and some bits of material. In the meadow we sing merrily, make wreaths of flowers and different objects out of bulrush, such as baskets, little pots, caps, wreaths and so on. Then we make dresses and aprons for our dolls, for we try to have them nicely dressed. In the evening we return home, singing merrily. Our mother is pleased to see that we have not wasted time and that our goats and cows are well fed."



Along the road a broken line of people passed, going home from their holiday

On the Road to Arcadia

Anna Milo Upjohn

Illustrations by the Author

FIVE boys sat matching pennies on the floor of a temple—the ruined temple of Hera in the ancient Greek city of Olympia. They were little boys, all in short trousers, and Theo and Alexander in the long-sleeved blue aprons worn by boys in the primary grades of school. Spiro and Andreas, a little older, wore brown woolen capes and little caps with tassels. Adoni, the oldest, had finished the primary school and wore a *fustanella*, that is, a full white kilt, which stood out all around like a ballet dancer's skirt. On his shoes were black pompons like his father's.

All the boys knew well the wonderful history of their village and could have told you much about the wilderness of buildings which had once stood in the enclosure and which were now marked only by foundation lines or rows of broken columns. They were intensely proud of their heritage; for they lived in one of the famous spots of the earth, the great Olympia where the celebrated games had been begun more than two thousand years ago and where they had been played continuously for a thousand years. The games seemed very real to them and the place very living. Particularly they loved the smaller gymnasium, where in one corner the grooved tiles which were to keep the wrestlers from slipping still remained. Here the boys tussled with each other, gripping the friendly tiles with their bare feet.

Then there was the tunneled entrance to the great stadium where the races had been held, and even the starting point marked by ridges of stone on the pavement. But the stadium itself still lay deep under plowed fields which sloped down to the river. The boys longed to dig it out with big spades.

They knew that the prizes in the great old days were simple olive branches. No decorations, no money! And no professional boxers or wrestlers or runners were allowed. It was a fair fight, for all had the same training—ten months' work in the gymnasium at Olympia. The month of July was set aside for the games. No matter what quarrels or

was there might be between the different states of Greece, during that month they were forgotten. Peace was sworn and all Greeks came together as brothers. It was not only Greeks who gathered in Olympia; people from other lands attended the games. All were warmly welcomed, for in Olympia "stranger" was a sacred word. To harm or cheat a guest was the meanest of crimes.

The long line of big stone blocks at the foot of the hill had a special interest for the boys. On these blocks had once stood statues called "*Zanes*." They were put up with the fines of the youths who had not kept the rules of the game. What a long line of them there was! One big fellow, afraid of failing, had run away the night before the racing contest in which he was to have taken part. As he was such a coward, and very rich besides, the umpire had ruled that he should put up a very big monument indeed. And that was more than 1000 years ago!

Now in the spring and autumn there was always plenty of entertainment in the sacred precinct. Strangers often came to see the ruins and they were always odd and amusing. Sometimes there were pennies to be earned. But in the winter the place was deserted except for a stray donkey or a shepherd who had turned off from the road to Arcadia with his flock.

What then was the surprise of the five boys as they wandered about hunting for late blackberries, to spy in the distance a figure seated on the ground quite near to the *Zanes*, quietly engaged in doing something which they could not make out. They could not even tell whether it was a man or a woman, for the little black cap and the long gray coat with collar turned up to the ears might belong to either. Thrilling with curiosity the boys began moving forward, apparently jumping carelessly from block to block but really advancing in a half circle like a pack of wolves closing in on their prey. They were sure now that it was a woman and that she was making a picture. It was not a photograph—that

they would easily have recognized. This was putting colors on paper, a thing none of them had ever seen done before.

Theo, bolder than the rest, ventured quite close, took a good look, bounded back and breathlessly told them something which made the five move forward as one man. The lady seated on the ground looked up and smiled. A sigh of relief went up from the five. They were not then to be driven away! Boys and stranger greeted each other in languages which neither understood, and concluded by shaking hands all around, with a feeling of perfect understanding. Then the work went on, the boys watching, spellbound.

It was amazing! There on the paper was the road to Arcadia with the bright sand-bank and the thick green pines above it, all in sunshine, and below, in shadow, the embankment dappled with purplish weeds. Along the real road of dust and stones a broken line of people going home from their holiday passed on foot and on donkey back. On the paper there were marks and dabs of color which began to look like them. There was a man seated on a donkey which as yet had only a head with waggly black ears. But even as they looked, hind legs and tail were added and then a saddle-bag was drawn in behind the man who, though so tiny, was plainly dressed in a *fustanella*, a black sleeveless jacket and little round black cap. But instead of his own saddle-bag which was black and orange he got a crimson one belonging to the man who came behind him. And the man with the gun walking at the end of the line and carrying no sack at all was given one which belonged to a man who never got into the picture. This was because the people passed more quickly than they could be drawn. It was slower than the movies but stranger, and there was something left to look at.

Quite as fascinating were the materials with which the lady worked. There were sticks of charcoal and erasers as soft as putty which could be squeezed into any shape between thumb and finger. There was a box full of tiny porcelain dishes filled with bright colors, and tubes from which soft paint could be pressed on a tin plate and then mixed with water. The box lay on the grass close to the lady's knee. The boys longed to investigate it but

were too shy and too well bred to touch the things. So they gazed in silent attraction, diverted beyond measure.

And then a cloud which had often shadowed their fun loomed on the horizon. Two older boys, also strolling about because it was a holiday, had seen the group under the tree and were advancing. Uneasily the little boys recognized Petro Negroponte, their tormentor, who bullied them on the playground at school and elsewhere. The big boys lounged on to the scene and stood staring, their hands in their pockets. Then, to show that they were not impressed, they began to make scornful remarks, at which the little boys grinned nervously, hoping that after all they might be allowed to stay.

Then Petro's manner changed suddenly. "Here, get out of this, you kids," he said roughly. And as the five stood irresolute he raised his arm threateningly, a stone in his hand. "Be off," he commanded.

Reluctantly the little boys turned away. After all, they consoled themselves, there was not much more to be seen. The people had stopped passing and the picture was nearly finished. So they started off to play leapfrog in an open space where once had stood an altar to the great god Zeus. But looking wistfully back they saw something which made them hold their breath in horror. The big boys, too, had moved away. One of them was half up the embank-

ment, but Petro had slipped behind the tree under which the lady sat. Suddenly his hand shot out, grabbed the box with all its treasure of tubes and half-pans, of rubbers and charcoal and chalk, and before the lady knew what had happened he had dashed up the embankment and he and his pal had disappeared along the road to Arcadia.

"My paint box," cried the lady, springing to her feet. "Get it for me!" It was all in English but they understood. Full cry they started after the robbers. Their own particular stranger had appealed to them for help. Fear of the big boys no longer dominated them, only a burning wish to uphold the honor of Olympia and to recover the precious box.

Along the stony road to Arcadia they flew, the lady panting far behind. Shepherds waved the direction the fugitives had taken; men in the fields shouted encouragement, but no one joined in the chase. Then



Five boys sat matching pennies on the floor of a ruined temple

what the boys had feared, happened. Petro and his companions made for a thick wood on a cliff above the road. There rocks and brush would make the pursuit almost impossible. With thumping hearts and dry throats the little boys scrambled up the steep incline until they were lost to view, while the lady waited below in the road.

It was a long half hour before they came sliding down the hill, dusty and sweating. Andreas carried the empty box. The contents were missing. Silently, their heads bowed with shame, they gave it back. They were filled with humiliation because they had failed, but above all because a Greek boy had betrayed a stranger. Like those *Zanes* of old, he had broken the rules of the game. "He doesn't belong in our village, Petro doesn't," they stammered. "He comes from the next one down the road." And the lady understood their feeling if not their words. With eyes on the ground they followed her silently.

The sun was dropping now. It touched the sheep in the meadows, rimming each with silver. The road to Arcadia still lay in sunshine and over it the little procession turned back to Olympia. Suddenly Spiro

pounced on something lying in a rut. It was a stick of charcoal! Instantly five pairs of eyes sharpened to the search, scanning the edges of the road, scrutinizing every inch of the way. Patiently they went over the course step by step, and shouts of triumph punctured the twilight when a lead pencil or a tube of paint was found among the stones. At the top of the embankment, where Petro had stumbled over a pine root, they found the most. There the box had evidently slipped and, as it had no cover, some paints had dropped from it. Eagerly the boys gathered them! Scrupulously they gave them back. Not the very smallest piece of charcoal was withheld; not even the fascinating lump of rubber which trembled in Alexander's grimy little hand, nor the empty porcelain pans which Adoni picked out of the moss. And so at the end of the search a handful of odds and ends had been gathered together, precious bits of red and yellow and green saved from the wreck. Then, since words meant little between them, they all shook hands again and smiled at each other in the dusk, in perfect understanding.

Thus the honor of Olympia was clear when the wind and sun went down at the end of the valley.

The Easter Truce of Czechoslovakia

"The Truce is proclaimed; let it be maintained!"

IT is the Saturday before Easter. The national assembly of Czechoslovakia is in session at Prague. The presiding officer of the assembly has just spoken these solemn words. And so begins the season of the Truce of Czechoslovakia. Throughout the country its citizens have pledged themselves to turn their thoughts for three days away from strife and discord of all kinds, both public and private, and towards ideas for the common good. The papers will lay aside political discussions and attacks and will print articles about better housing or improvements in health and hygiene or world good will. All over the nation the Truce will be celebrated in hundreds of fêtes in which the Red Cross and the Junior Red Cross will take active parts; for the idea of the Truce of Czechoslovakia was started in 1921 by Dr. Alice Masaryk, head of the Red Cross of Czechoslovakia and daughter of Thomas Masaryk, the idolized President of the country. Each year since then more newspapers and more people have been interested and have kept the Truce, which is now a regularly established custom of the country.

The idea of a truce of this kind goes far back into the

Middle Ages, when there was so much fighting in Europe all the time that first the high dignitaries of the church and later on the rulers sometimes proclaimed what came to be known as a Truce of God. After that for a stated period, such as during Lent, or throughout Easter Week, or in the Advent season, men would rest from crippling and killing each other. But the Red Cross Truce of Czechoslovakia is not by any means just resting so as to renew the fray. For in these three days at Easter people are active in their efforts against poverty, disease, pain, suffering and ill will. The newspapers keep up their articles for a whole week, and all the preparation beforehand and all the thoughts and plans and acts of so many people for the good of all are obliged to have an effect lasting much longer than the period of the Truce.

Dr. Masaryk hopes that some day the Red Cross Truce of Czechoslovakia may spread into other countries and so become an international affair. Many of the papers of the United States have praised it and it may be that some day we, too, shall be having a Red Cross Truce at Easter for the cultivation of thoughts and acts of helpfulness and good will.



From the Hungarian Junior Red Cross Magazine

Your Comrades in Hungary

"CSALOGALY NORMAL SCHOOL is training 200 girls—all Juniors. I saw one group painting boxes, another embroidering, a third doing lace work and a fourth showed me a rug which will take fifteen months' work and will have had the attention of all in the group when completed. The school collects orange peel and sells it to the apothecary at twenty-two fillers (three cents) a kilo. The money will be given to the new fund now being created for the National Junior Red Cross Convalescent School. There thirty or more convalescent pupils will be housed and cared for until they are restored to health. Schooling will be continued in the building and it is possible that the Ministry of Education will arrange to furnish the teaching staff."

"One group reported 1000 pengos (\$180) from an entertainment, a concert given in the church at which a famous organist assisted. These Juniors are undertaking a summer camp on beautiful Lake Balaton for between thirty and thirty-five children. This district has ten Junior groups and all will help with the building, which will be permanent."

"The headquarters office here at Budapest received fifty dollars this week from the Canadian Junior Red Cross for the purchase of exhibit material to be sold at the Canadian Bazaar. A committee was appointed to scurry around for material. Owing to the success of the Christmas bazaar here, almost nothing was left. Some of the left-over material had already been packed to send to the American Junior Red Cross for normal school exhibits. The portfolios of designs for this exhibit are very fine."

Don't these paragraphs from the report of a visitor from the League of Red Cross Societies to the Hungarian Junior Red Cross show you what fine things Hungarian Juniors are doing and planning? Like American Juniors, they have their local projects, such as the one for the summer camp; their big



This is one of a set of beautifully colored post cards showing Junior activities in Hungary. Later we hope to publish others in color. But even in this one you can see the famous Hungarian designs on the furniture, the china, the wall decoration

national scheme, the National Junior Red Cross Convalescent School, and their international undertakings, such as gathering material for exhibits in the United States and for the Canadian Junior Red Cross Bazaar.

We can't begin to tell all the story of what Hungarian Juniors are doing, but haven't we told you enough to make you glad that you can still have some direct share in their work? You do this through a contribution from the National Children's Fund. Did you notice the sort of work being done by the girls in the normal school to be sold later for Junior Red Cross funds? Seven years ago money from the National Children's Fund was spent to buy materials for the girls in this school to use in making lovely things for this purpose. Now they pay for their own materials.

That is the way your contribution works in other cases, too. Bands of Hungarian Juniors, like those in the Csalogaly Normal School, want money to help someone else. Hungarians are marvelously clever and artistic in their handwork of all kinds and so the logical thing is to make something for sale. But maybe there is not even money enough in the treasury to buy the necessary materials. This is where money from your Fund comes in. Moreover, this money is actually *encouraging* handwork in Hungary and so helping to keep in use the beautiful designs that are a part of the proud heritage of the nation. Every number of the Hungarian Junior Red Cross magazine has a page of these designs. Such beauty is a contribution to the world and members of the Hungarian Junior Red Cross are determined that it shall not be lost. You will want to continue to share in their effort. So don't forget to set aside something from your Service Fund to be sent on for the National Children's Fund, which has been doing big things this year and should keep on doing them in the future.

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*First the blue and then the shower;
Bursting bud and smiling flower;
Brooks set free with tinkling ring;
Birds too full of song to sing;
Crisp old leaves astir with pride,
Where the timid violets hide,—
All things ready with a will,—
April's coming up the hill.*

—Mary Mapes Dodge

THE APRIL CALENDAR STORY

ROSaura and Antonio lived in a fishing village on Manila Bay. The houses were built upon piles driven into the mud, their walls as well as roofs thickly covered with nipa palm leaves. On many of them two thatched roofs, like broad-brimmed hats one above the other, afforded protection against the blistering sun. The air drew up through the slat floors, helping to cool the rooms. At high tide the waves washed under the huts and if the outrigger canoes had not been made fast to the house posts they would have floated out to sea.

Every man in the village was a fisherman and the children swam as easily as they walked. In fact, they lived in the water as much as out of it. So did the black water buffalo, or carabao, when they were not harnessed to the two-wheeled bamboo carts or wooden plows.

One afternoon as Rosaura and Antonio went in search of the family carabao which had wandered up the inlet browsing on the water hyacinths, they came upon a casco, or house boat, moored to the shore. Rosaura and Antonio thought it empty until they discovered two pairs of big brown eyes watching them from under the edge of the matting roof. Then they

discovered two children much like themselves. The four looked at each other and laughed.

"Why don't you come aboard?" called the boy on the boat.

"Why don't you come out?" asked Antonio.

"Because Father and Uncle Pedro have gone to town and left us in charge," was the reply.

So Antonio and Rosaura crossed the gang plank and found themselves in the hollow of the boat under a bamboo awning.

Borja and Dolores, the boat children, were delighted to have visitors, for they spent long weeks alone at sea. They told of their wanderings among the inlets and islands of the Philippines where they carried cotton, fruits, crockery, potatoes and tinned goods to the more southern islands in exchange for fruits and coconuts. The casco, already loaded with a return cargo, was only waiting for high tide to slip out to sea.

Rosaura and Antonio listened eagerly to stories of Cebu, where the Spaniards first settled in the Philippines; of its noble churches; of the watch tower at Dumaguete built to guard the coast from Malay pirates; of the hot, misty islands of the Sulu Sea where Moros dive for pearls and the people wear bright costumes and speak a language different from that of the Tagalogs around Manila.

At last the children grew drowsy with the heat and the faint motion of the boat as the incoming tide lifted it from the mud.

While they slept Father and Uncle Pedro returned and pulled in the gang plank. Their bare feet made no noise on the deck as they loosened the hawsers and ran up the sail. Soon the casco was stealing out of the inlet past the nipa village and it was far out in the bay before the men discovered that there were four children aboard instead of two.

They were rather vexed, for the breeze was right and soon the tide would turn and carry them swiftly out to sea. So they talked gruffly of carrying the stowaways on to their next landing, though they did not really mean it.

Wide awake now and thoroughly frightened, Rosaura and Antonio looked across a mile of water to their village with the slanting palms above it. Suddenly Rosaura stood erect, threw up her arms and dived straight into the sunset sea. Antonio followed her like a flash.

A cry went up from those on board and the men began to put about to follow. But Antonio, already many yards distant, called back cheerily: "Don't bother, we can make it." Still, the casco stood by until a canoe put off from the village toward the two black heads bobbing like coconuts above the waves. Borja and Dolores, who had been gripped with anxiety, cheered for joy and the casco, her sails purple with twilight, her masts tipped with gold, slipped softly out with the ebbing tide into the southern sea.

"Truthfulness is the same for the soul as cleanliness for the body."

—ALICE MASARYK.

Bor and Marash Cross the Drin

Elizabeth Cleveland Miller

Illustrations by Ilse M. Bischoff

DOWN, down the steep path went Bor and Marash and the huge roaring sound of rushing water thundered in their ears.

Suddenly Marash saw the river at their feet.

"Look, Bor. Look down. See, there is the old Drin tearing along like mad," he said to her.

Bor looked down and gave a little shudder. "What a fierce voice he has!" she said. "I'm sure he doesn't want to let us by to reach St. George's Feast in Nikai."

"We'll show him we are men and mountain men, and that we aren't afraid of any river's raging," Marash said bravely.

On down they went.

The river, tawny with the yellow mud of spring rains, ran furiously by them, swirling in foamy pools, racing along.

"Oh," shuddered Bor, "it makes me feel afraid. It is so huge and flows so wild and fast. It's savage, it would like to eat us all up, Marash."

Marash laughed. "It won't get a chance to do that," he answered her.

They both sat down and watched the farther shore. Gjok, Bor's father and her mother, Dani, and Palok and Zina, Marash's parents, sat down on the rocks a little below the children.

Suddenly Marash said, "Look, Bor, I see two men coming down that hill above the bank."

Bor saw them. "They are carrying something, Marash. Something of twigs and branches, woven like the wicker fences round our fields."

Marash squinted his eyes, trying to see more plainly. "Why, it's flat. Look. Why, Bor—"

"What, what, Marash?"

Bor said excitedly.

"It's not a boat at all. It looks like flat woven twigs,



Suddenly Marash said, "Look, Bor, I see two men coming down that hill above the bank"

a floor of them, a raft," said Marash, looking hard.

"Oh, Marash," Bor gave a little gasp, "how will they dare go on the angry Drin on just a raft of twigs?"

"You wait. They'll make it safe somehow," Marash assured her.

They watched the men come down to the flat shore across from them. The children saw now that they carried with them other things besides the woven raft.

Bor said, "They have pieces of brown leather. Skins, Marash. What will they do with skins?"

The two men set the raft down on the ground and busied themselves with these skins. They worked hard, blowing air into the dark brown leather bags, afterwards tying up the holes they'd put their mouths to. The hides, once filled, bounced about the ground like rubber balls. Soon there were eight of them.

"They're light, now" said Marash. "Why, they

wouldn't even sink in the river."

"Look," cried Bor, "the men are tying them under the raft, in rows."

The eight blown-up skins were fastened in two rows, four in each row underneath the raft, and one man lifted the raft and carried it, skins and all, right down to the water. Then he waded in and set the raft on the water near the shore. He pushed it farther out. Soon he had waded to his armpits. "He'll have to swim, now," Marash said to Bor. And sure enough, pushing the raft, its goatskin balloons on the under side, the man began to kick his legs and swim, holding tight to the wicker edge in front of him.

The little raft pitched and

THIS is the fourth story of Bor and Marash of the Albanian mountains to appear in the NEWS. All these stories and others about the two children are now in Mrs. Miller's book, "Children of the Mountain Eagle."

tossed on the raging water but the man swam strongly, and nearer and nearer to the rocky bank he worked his way.

"He's landed!" cried Marash.

And then they all went down to where the swimmer stood, dripping with icy water, holding his raft on end beside him.

"Gjok, you go first with the children," said Palok.

Bor looked at Marash fearfully.

"Oh, Marash," she said softly, "the Drin is deep and cold. Look how the man, Nik, shivers. We'll go bogging around on top of those balloons—what if we upset?"

"I love it," said Marash, his face bright with excitement. "It will be the best fun we've ever had. Come on." He ran up close to Nik.

Bor stood still and her heart beat very fast.

"How do we sit on it, Nik?" said Marash, all eagerness to get aboard.

Nik put the raft in the shallow water close to the rock where Marash stood. "You don't sit down at all. Lie flat, on your face. We'll tie you so you can't roll off.

Marash stepped on the wiggly thing and crept out to one side and then lay down as Nik directed.

"Hold to the edge," said Nik, "You'll see the Drin go tearing past your nose."

Marash chuckled with delight and squirmed to the edge.

"Stick your feet up straight," said Gjok, "No need to let the Drin bite at your toes."

Then Marash bent his knees and waved his feet in the air. "I'm ready now," he cried.

"I'll take the middle place and Bor can lie down on my other side," said Gjok.

He laid himself on the raft as Marash had done, raising his feet in the same way. "Now, Bor," he said.

Bor had been watching all this silently. Somehow she didn't like that bobbing raft. It seemed a flimsy thing on which to cross a furious river. If only she could go some other, safer way across the Drin.

Suppose she told them she was afraid to go and didn't dare? What would they all think of a mountaineer afraid to travel on a mountain boat? They'd call her city-girl, white heart? She knew that word. It meant a coward. No, she'd have to go. Her

heart beat faster yet. Even her breath came fast. The river was so wide, so angry. It would tear the raft out of Nik's hands and send them all floundering down, dashing them against those rocks below. She *couldn't* go.

And then she heard her father say, "Now, Bor."

She saw him lying there, his elbows on the edge of the raft and his eyes fixed on her as she stood so still on the rocks over him.

"Now, Bor," he said again.

His steady gray eyes looked into her own.

"He knows I'm afraid to go," thought Bor. "But he won't let the others know—and I shan't either." She took a brave step forward, set one foot on the unsteady raft. It seemed a little firmer as it took her weight. Her father watched her. She could feel his eyes. She stepped more surely, knelt, then lay down near him.

She wouldn't lie too near him. He mustn't think she didn't dare to take her place by herself like Marash.

She stretched out, raising her feet and clinging to the wicker edge with both hands. Holding tight made her feel safer.

She could feel Palok tying his long belt across their legs from one side of the raft to the other over the three of them to hold them on. Bor liked the feel of it binding her.

Nik called out, "Ready, now," and pushed the raft out into deeper water.

Bor shut her eyes tight. She could hear the sound of swirling water and under that sound the panting breath of Nik as he clung to the raft and strove with all his might against the river current.

The raft began to toss and pitch as it met the fierce waves. Then it swerved and trembled under them, giving a great lurch. Bor's eyes opened wide. Had Nik let go? No, she could see him somewhere near her side, just his head showing. Yes he still had hold. Bor's eyes looked down. In between the sticks that made the raft she saw the rushing yellow water. Under her very nose it tumbled by so fast it made her dizzy watching it. "Oooo," she said, and as she said it she could feel the water splashing through the raft itself, wetting her knees. Were they upsetting? No, they whirled along. Nik swam, the river raced and Bor held on.



Bor found a heavy chunk of wood to keep the fire going

Her fear was gone. She was a mountaineer, and this was the way that mountaineers crossed rivers, fearlessly on bobbing, wiggly rafts, nothing between them and the angry flood except slim woven twigs.

"Riding on eight fat brown goats," thought Bor, and smiled at the idea. She felt now as Marash had, all pleased and excited. She raised her head a little, trying to see him over her father's head. Then all at once they landed. Suddenly she saw sand through shallow water. They were across—safe.

Bor and Marash smiled at each other. "My knees are wet," said Bor. "Are yours?"

Marash felt them. "A little bit," he answered. "I guess the old Drin tried to get a bite at us."

"How's that for sailing, Bor?" said Gjak, smiling.

Bor smiled back at him. "That's the sort of boat for mountaineers, isn't it?" she said.

"Yes," Gjak answered, "Mountain boats for mountain people, Bor; and mountain courage for mountain heart." He smiled down at her.

Nik's friend had built a fire so that poor shivering Nik could warm himself. Marash was gathering wood. Bor ran to help him. She found a heavy stick and lifted it. Her arms felt stronger than they ever had before. She laid the great chunk on the fire and the bright flames shot high in the air. Bor's heart leaped with them. How foolish she had been to feel afraid when her heart was a mountain heart—like Marash's, and like her father's, too, able to face a danger, strong and brave!

A Family of Elephants

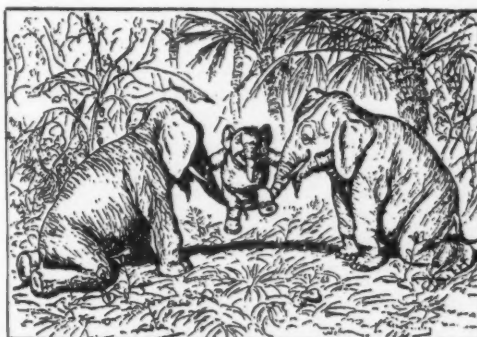
From the Polish Junior Red Cross Magazine. Paraphrased in English verse by Ruth Evelyn Henderson

DEEP in a tropic jungle wild
Lived an elephant, with his mate
And their little son, an only child—
Elephants quite up-to-date;
Lived as kings in climate torrid.
Papa Elephant was stately,
Signs of age about his forehead;
Talked but little; feasted greatly.
Mama's chatter was appalling;
Took her time her tales to tell;
Put on airs when she went calling,
But she kept house very well.

Date palms arched above their heads
Made for them a royal dwelling.
They slept on cactus for their beds;
Had no worries—buying, selling.
Their pantry was the shrubs and trees,
They always had good things to eat.
But even more than all of these
The parents loved their baby sweet!

Now, there are problems to be met
In raising a baby "elephant."
Papa taught the little pet
Jungle wisdom: how to hunt;
What enemies he ought to shun;
And how, should any danger seem
To threaten him, he ought to run
And swim across the nearest stream.

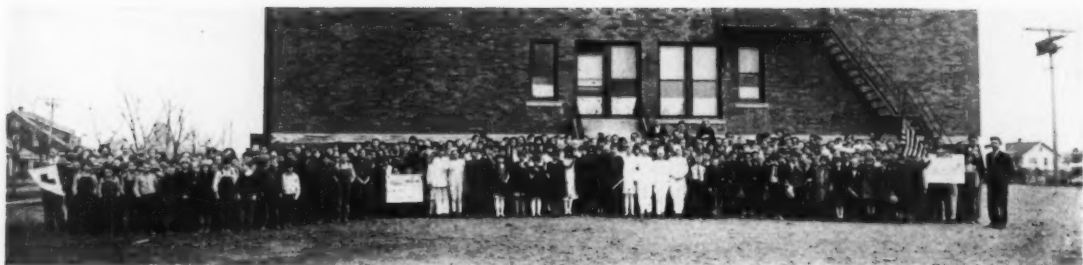
Things like these his father taught.
Mother taught another kind:
Words like "Please" and "Yes-sir" brought
Approving nods. He learned to mind
What grown-up elephants should say.
And Mama said that idle chatter
And selfish pleasure didn't pay.
He must do Things that Really Matter
If he would win Life's Sugar Plum.
For if he served his country-men,



When he grew up he might become
The Elephants' First Citizen!

When Little Elephant was bright
And heeded well and studied hard,
His doting family at night
Would often give him a reward.
For if the air was fine and clear
After supper, Papa took
Little Son and Mama Dear
For a frolic by the brook.
Oh what racing! Ah what laughter!
What a scuffling in the bushes!
Tagging! Dodging! Running after!
Pummeling and pokes and pushes!

Beneath their feet the ground is shaking;
But Baby loves the last game best,
When Papa and Mama join trunks, making
A swing, because they need to rest.
And in the swing sits Little Son.
Up in the air they make him go.
Look at the picture; see what fun
He's having, swinging to and fro,
Down and up and near and far!
And how proud his papa and mama are!



The Juniors of Sidney, Montana, some 350 strong, celebrated the tenth birthday of their Junior Red Cross

A Tenth Anniversary Party in Montana

AMIDST best wishes for all their comrades in all parts of the world the pupils of Sidney, Montana, celebrated the Tenth Anniversary of their Junior Red Cross organization. Juniors from the third grade through the high school, about 355 altogether, took part in this celebration. Appropriate programs and parties were held for all. They met in six separate groups as follows: 3B and 3A; 4B and 6A; 4A and 5B; 5A and 6B; Junior High School; Senior High School.

The programs consisted of four main parts:

Songs: "America the Beautiful," "Junior World Song," "Pass It On" and Health Crusade Songs.

Talks: "Ten Years of Junior Red Cross."

Dramatization: "Everybody's Flag," adapted from the story in the November News.

Cutting birthday cakes with ten candles and making the usual birthday wishes.

In most cases the children brought the cakes from their homes, but in the Junior High School the Camp-fire girls treated the rest of the children in the Junior Red Cross organization. Each girl brought part of the ingredients for the huge cake—and it is not a small problem in arithmetic to make a cake for 110 children—and when the materials were assembled they were taken to a baker in town, who made the cake and put on the important TEN candles.

As at all birthday parties, so at this one, children made wishes for the continued success and happiness of the honor guest, in this case the Junior Red Cross.



Members of sections 4B and 6A who took part in the program, with their birthday cake

We think some of these resolutions and wishes will be interesting to Juniors everywhere:

"I wish that all the schools in our country and in other countries could be enrolled in the Junior Red Cross."

"I hope there will be no wars when the boys and girls of today grow up."

"I wish the Juniors could help so that all the boys and girls in the United States would be able to read and write."

"May we ever remember 'Service,' 'Health,' 'Friendship.'"

IN Sidney, the Junior Red Cross is considered a regular part of the course of study. Miss Thorsen, one of the sixth grade teachers, is called the Director of Junior Red Cross Work and supervises Junior activities in every room, from the second grade through the high school. She has a period of forty-five minutes every day for her visits and follows a schedule that brings her to each room once every three weeks. She talks over what has been done and makes and receives suggestions about what is going to be done. Foreign correspondence portfolios are talked over and planned in these visits.

Each room has its own set of officers and keeps its own books, but funds are turned over to Miss Thorsen as treasurer. She keeps a separate account for each room. Then, when there is a question about some big expenditure, as for the Mississippi flood sufferers, the whole Junior group of the town is notified and a vote is taken at a special council meeting as to whether or not the money shall be spent. When some room group is giving a health play or other specially interesting program, they are allowed to give it for another room or even for a big assembly. Altogether, the Junior Red Cross of Sidney is going somewhere and it knows where it is going, because it is well organized and plans its steps.

We think you will be interested in part of a letter a little girl sent Miss Thorsen after she had left Sidney and was going to a school in another place. She said:

"When I talked to the boys and girls about Junior Red Cross, they didn't know what it meant. When I told them all about it, they wanted to learn more about it, so I told them I would write to you and ask you to explain some more. . . . I like school over there better because of the Junior Red Cross and those health charts. They haven't any over here. I am willing to send a block for a quilt if you want me to."

What Juniors Are Doing Here and There

YOU remember how the Junior Red Cross of New Brunswick, Canada, gives a tree with presents for the children landing from steamers at Saint John on Christmas Day. For two years now the New Brunswick Juniors have provided handkerchiefs in beautifully decorated envelopes for the children on the boat docking at Saint John on Easter Sunday. Each envelope carries the name of the branch that sent it and the message:

"When you cough or sneeze or sniff,
Do it in a handkerchief."

The envelopes are distributed by means of a grave looking Rabbit of beaverboard, gaily painted and standing about as high as a six year old boy. Mr. Rabbit holds a flower pot in which there are two slits. Through these slits come the envelopes with the handkerchiefs. The children from the boat pass in a line in front of the Bunny postmaster while behind him, quite out of sight, stands a Junior who has the handkerchiefs in three boxes—one for girls, one for boys and one for tiny tots. About 200 children receive these gifts.

Several Juniors are on hand when the boat comes in, the girls wearing veils and the boys Red Cross arm-bands. They conduct the children to the Easter post office and also help the Red Cross workers serve refreshments to the new-comers.

For children who arrive on "just ordinary" days there is a special sign which says:

THE RED CROSS JUNIORS OF NEW BRUNSWICK
WELCOME YOU TO CANADA

Besides that, every child landing at Saint John receives a scrapbook or a cardboard toy.

THE Junior Red Cross Council of Onondaga County and Syracuse, New York, now has representatives from thirty-eight city schools and forty-six county schools. Here are a few of their activities: A dental clinic financed by the Juniors is working successfully in several schools; a class in the Red Cross course in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick is meeting weekly in the Girls' Continuation School; groups of high school girls are aiding the public health nurses in their clinics, helping to weigh the children and keep the records; health education portfolios are being prepared to send abroad; two scholarships were given this year, one to a crippled girl who has



The handkerchiefs are distributed by means of a grave looking Rabbit

just graduated and taken a position which was waiting for her and the other to a boy whose mother is a widow and whose sister has infantile paralysis. Without this help he could not have stayed in school.

MORE than 125 took part in the pageant of "The Gifts We Bring" in Marlboro, Massachusetts.

This was the first big Junior Red Cross entertainment ever given there and it got a great deal of attention. The pageant was in two parts. In the first, six scenes represented the gifts of the nations—printing and paper from China; numerals from India; our alphabet from the Phoenicians; the Bible from the Hebrews; art, literature and ideas of law and government from the Greeks and Romans, and the kindergarten from Germany. The second part had six scenes representing gifts from the Red Cross—First Aid; Public Health Nursing; Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick; Nutrition; Life Saving, and Junior Red Cross.

JUNIORS of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, have furnished supplies for four courses in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick, and twenty-three schools there had a Junior Red Cross swimming program. Several schools have given health pageants. Milk was provided for under-nourished children. In connection with their work in health, geography and English some of the classes made booklets and dressed dolls for a children's ward in the city hospital. So many things were sent that a "sunshine drawer" was started for future patients of that ward.



The Marlboro Public School gave "The Gifts We Bring"



Boys from the Albanian Vocational School worked hard at building their cabin resort on Mount Dayti

LAST April the Junior Circle of the Pavilosta Primary School, Latvia, set aside a week for tree planting. Pavilosta is a little seaside place almost without any green about it. Most of the inhabitants are fishermen too busy gaining a livelihood to think of anything else, so that, though the village is almost fifty years old, little has been done to stop the shifting sands with trees and bushes. Dunes have drifted into the streets and even into the yards of the houses. Fifth and sixth grade boys and girls, assisted by those from the third and fourth grades, planted 250 willows and birches which had been carefully selected and brought from the woods. Since the planting the Juniors have been busy keeping the cows and goats away from their trees.

IN Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania, two health cups are awarded to the two grades with the greatest percentage of Gold Star children—those free from correctable physical defects. Last June one cup was won by the Fourth Grade of the Third Street School and the other went to the Third Grade of the Fifth Street School. A member of each grade was chosen to make a speech of acceptance. In the Fifth Street School Billy Hess was elected to say these lines composed by Miss Cadow, a teacher:

Our Third Grade Room is proud and quite puffed up
Because we've won the Silver Cup.
Some teeth were scrubbed with soap—but what care we?
Because we won the Cup, you see.
To those who have not measured up we'll
say,
"These rules for health are best—
Clean teeth, fresh air, inside and out,
These are needed without a doubt."
We'll try to guard our health these twelve
months as we wait,
And hope to win the Cup again in 1928.

JUNIORS of Cambria County, Pennsylvania, have equipped a ten-bed ward for crippled children in the new hospital at Johnstown and are remembering the patients in their ward with letters and gifts now and then.

IN Westchester County, New York, members of the Junior Red Cross have gone into partner-

ship with a public-spirited woman and their nature teacher to make war against mosquitoes. But the best fighters in the battle will be certain small fish, which Miss Katherine Dolbear, the nature teacher, arranged to have collected for the Juniors from lakes and streams of North Carolina and brought up to New York early last fall. These fish are the *gambusia affinis*, and luckily they like above all things the larvæ of mosquitoes which float on the surface of pools and ponds. When the fish arrived Mrs. Samuel Steinhardt invited the Westchester Juniors to a party at her beautiful home, where they watched some of the *gambusia*, which had been put in a big pool in her garden, come to the surface and gobble down the mosquito larvæ put in the water by Miss Dolbear. This spring the fish, which have been kept through the winter in a big indoor pool and in school aquariums under observation by the pupils, will be distributed to the ponds and lakes around New Rochelle where they can get to work nipping future mosquitoes in the wiggletail stage.

WE have told before how members of the Junior Red Cross in Greece and in Bulgaria are interested in anti-malaria work, which means, of course, death-to-mosquitoes work. Malaria is a scourge of Albania, too, and the Red Cross and Junior Red Cross there are trying hard to oust it. Tree-clad Mount Dayti, a high peak just east of Tirana, is noted for its fine water and its good air and so is a health resort for Tirana. Here boys of the Albanian Vocational School have built a log cabin, where students with malaria can go and get well. There is room for twelve or fifteen patients with two persons to look after them.

WE are pleased to hear that the Nathan Hale School of Mount Vernon, New York, has given two very successful performances of their dramatization of "Everybody's Flag" from the November NEWS.

IN many of the rooms of the Caldwell, Idaho, schools a "nurse" and a "doctor" are chosen each week to look after and report on the daily health and cleanliness of the pupils. Health and nutrition posters are a regular part of the school art work there.



The cup won by the Fourth Grade of the Third Street School

THE Robesonia, Pennsylvania, Juniors were asked by the Red Cross nurses to help in the celebration of County Field Day at Kutztown. They made health posters and paraded around the grounds singing health songs. Here is one of the songs:

The six best doctors anywhere,
And no one can deny it,
Are Sunshine, Water, Rest, and Air,
Exercise, and Diet.

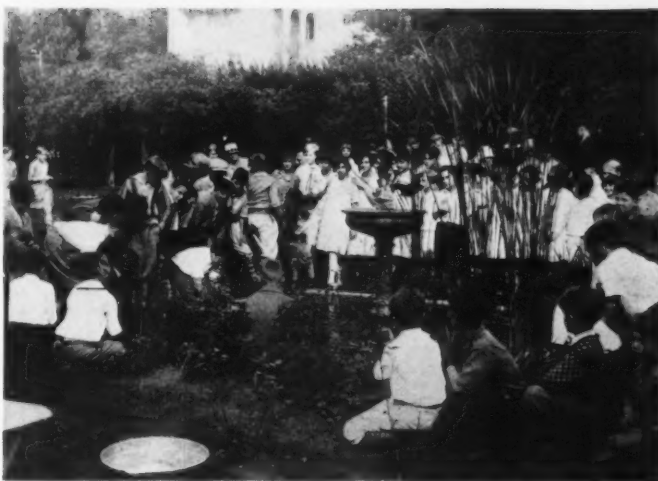
These six will gladly you attend,
If only you are willing;
Your mind they'll cheer,
Your ills they'll mend,
And charge you not one shilling.

THE Junior group of the Girls' School at Oskarshamn, Sweden, used part of the membership dues to send two girls to a home for children so as to save them from exposure to tuberculosis in their own home. The Junior group in the Girls' School at Kalmar is divided into four sections with the following objects:

- To send delicate children to the country.
- To help old and lonely people in the town.
- To send Christmas presents to children in the far north.
- To arrange courses in Home Hygiene and First Aid.

DID you know that about one-fifth of the members of the American Junior Red Cross are in the Philippines? Well, they are, nearly 1,000,000 of them, and they are doing some remarkable things there. Each Filipino member contributes not more than ten cents a year to the Service Fund. This fund is drawn upon to keep up seventy free dental clinics for school children all over the Islands. The clinics move from place to place and often the dentists have hard going over rough seas and rougher mountains and across unbridged and often flooded streams. Sometimes equipment has to be carried on the backs of men, but the dentists manage it somehow and give treatment and lessons in the care of the mouth and teeth to thousands of school children, many of whom could get these things in no other way.

THE Junior section of Avaldsnes, Norway, has provided its school with a cupboard, where the pupils



The Westchester Juniors watched the gambusia gobble down the mosquito larvae which had been put in the pond

keep their dry shoes and stockings. Some children have a long way to go to school and if they sat all day in wet footwear they would more easily catch cold. Now they keep a dry change in their cupboard.

OREGON Juniors helped make Easter Sunday a beautiful day at the government hospital for ex-service men at Portland. They sent in artistic place cards and nut cups as well as Easter cards for all the patients. Each bedside table had a bouquet of lovely flowers brought by the Junior Red Cross of Holladay School, a grade school near the hospital.

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EVERY big contribution for a very small group of Juniors was the \$5.00 sent in for the National Children's Fund by the three members enrolled in the Lakeside School of Rangeley, Maine (Franklin County Chapter). The teacher says these children are always as much interested as that in the Junior Red Cross.

THE Primary School of Sutomor, Jugoslavia, is at the foot of a bare, rocky hill. So the Juniors there got fir trees from the government nurseries and planted them. It was no easy job, either, for they had first to clean the slope of rocks and tangled underbrush, but they went at it with a will.

MAY DAY

CHILD HEALTH DAY

EVERYWHERE THIS DAY
LET THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE
RENEW THEIR EFFORTS TO
ASSURE TO EVERY CHILD THE
COMPLETE BIRTHRIGHT OF A
SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY

Herbert Hoover



Wherever there are celebrations of May Day for Child Health, Juniors will want to help. The year round, members of the Junior Red Cross in forty countries are interested in keeping themselves and in helping others keep fit for service

